



"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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## Missionary.

"Go ye into all the World, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

### A LETTER TO SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN,

FROM REV. HOLLIS READ, MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD AT AHMEDNUGGUR IN INDIA.

The following letter was addressed by Mr. Read to the children of the Sabbath school of the second Presbyterian church in Troy, at the request of Mr. S. W. Dana, the superintendent. The simplicity of the style will not injure it for any class of readers. None are too old to profit by the advice in the first part of the letter.

AHMEDNUGGUR, Oct. 15th 1634.

To the Sabbath-school Second Presbyterian church Troy.

*My Dear Children,*—I have heard of you all, through Mr. Dana, your superintendent, and I am now going to write to you. I am very fond of good children: and having heard that most of you are good children, I shall spend an evening in writing to you.

#### Giving the heart to God.

I have heard that some of you have given your hearts to God, and that you love and serve Him. It is a very sad thing that you all have not. Do you not know how *very* dangerous a thing it is, and how very wicked it is to live a single day without loving and serving that God who is every day so good to you? You will all say that you intend to become good Christians before you die; you mean to serve and honor God at some future time. But would you say of your father who is so kind to you, or of your mother who loves you so much, that you *mean* to love and obey them when you are older? We should think that a very bad child, who should say he could not love his father and mother *now*. Well, then, why not love and obey God now, for he is better to you than it is possible for your father to be? Any child who is old enough to love his father and mother, is old enough to love God, and he ought to love him; for otherwise God will be angry with him, and the anger of God is dreadful. Are you not afraid when you disobey your father and he is angry with you? How much more then should you fear when you disobey God and make him angry; for God's anger will burn forever. How dreadful that a Sabbath-school child should go to hell.

The poor ignorant heathen children about me have no Sabbath schools, they will not come to school when we invite them; their parents will not allow them to come. They are afraid we shall teach them christianity; and this they think will pollute them. They know nothing of the way of salvation as you do. So if they are lost they will not suffer so much in hell as you will, because they do not know so much about the way of salvation as you do. They have only been taught to bow down to idols of stone and wood and brass and silver and gold, but know nothing of Jesus Christ as a Saviour. So you see that if you do not give up your hearts to God you are more guilty than these bad heathen children. This is very dreadful; for these heathen are very wicked as I shall tell you in a moment. Now I entreat you, dear children, to take my advice and give your hearts to God before you sleep again. You must not think that you shall have time enough to serve God when you are old. God commands you to serve him now you are young. He takes peculiar delight in children who are true Christians. Besides, you may never live to be old. Many more people die when they are children than when they are old. Therefore do not wait another day, but pray to God night and day till he give you a new heart.

#### Account of the Hindoos—the name of their country.

Some of you have heard who I am and where I live, and what I am doing, but as you do not all know I shall tell you. I live in a country called India, some people call it Hindoostan, but Hindoostan is only one province in India, some distance to the north of the Deccan, the province in which I live. Once, it is true, the whole country was called Hindoostan. The Persians called the country by this name when they conquered it. *Hindoo* means *black* in their language, *stan* means *place*. The Persians themselves are black, but the Hindoos still blacker, therefore they called India the *place of the blacks*. You will see on the globe that the place of my residence is nearly on the opposite side from you. So that when you have day I have night. The sun shines on me ten hours before it does on you. It is now eleven o'clock at night with me, and one o'clock, p. m. with you. The sailing distance to Bombay is about 16,000 miles; and by looking on the map east of Bombay 175 miles, you will see Ahmednuggur, where I now am.

#### Their houses, palaces, gardens, tombs, &c.

The house which I occupy was once a Mahomedan *mosque*, that is, a temple where the Mahomedans used to pray. These followers of the false

prophet were once very numerous and powerful in Ahmednuggur. Their kings reigned here for many years, built palaces, gardens, mosques, reservoirs of water (called *tanks*), aqueducts, tombs, and every thing which pride and folly taught them. All these were built of the most durable stone, and mortar of the most superior kind; so that houses built 500 years ago are just as firm as ever. For there is no wood in any part of them. The tops of the buildings are arched, and the pillars are of stone as neatly covered as you ever saw wood beams and pillars. There is an enormous palace standing about three miles from my house. It stands in the center of an artificial pond of water, and was only approached by boats. The pond, which was formed of beautiful and costly hewn stones, is situated in the center of a garden of 300 or 400 acres, and is fed by an aqueduct which conveys the water from the distance of several miles; it cannot now easily be ascertained from what place the water is brought. The garden was adorned with all sorts of fruit and flower trees, many of which are still standing. This palace is now occupied by the English government as a silk manufactory. The glory of the Mussulmans has departed. They were the enemies of God, and therefore he gave them up to be spoiled. Many of their tombs, aqueducts, and their walls, are torn to pieces to build houses for the Europeans, the present governors of the land. Other tombs are occupied as dwellings, mosques for horse stables, their aqueducts water the gardens of their conquerors, and their own beautiful parks and gardens are torn down. There is one tomb standing on a high hill about six miles distant, which is three stories high, and each story 30 feet, besides a basement story 15 or 20 feet high, in which are deposited the remains of the builder. This is a work of great magnitude. It was left unfinished. How high it would have been carried it is impossible to say, had the man lived to complete it. His name was *Salabat Khan*.

#### *Judgements of God upon the Hindoos.*

The Hindoos were once a very rich people, but now they are very poor, and are growing poorer every year. They can no longer build such splendid palaces and temples as they once did. The primary cause of their calamities is that they have forsaken God and revered other gods, and so He has forsaken them. When they had no opportunities of gaining a knowledge of the true God, they were dealt with more mercifully; but since missionaries have settled in the country, and translated the Bible for them, and gave them the means of knowing the right way, and they have rejected it, God has given them over to be afflicted by other nations. Just as I told you in the beginning of this letter, God punishes people in proportion to the light they have. You have much light, and if you do not improve it He will punish you much. Christianity has been preached in India a great many years. It is said that St. Thomas came as a missionary to India soon after the death of our Saviour. He died near Madras, where his grave is said to be to this day. And in like manner the Hindoos have been for a great number of years, visited with divine judgments. God gave their immense riches to foreigners, and has suffered them to be in bondage to different masters from generation to generation.

(To be Concluded.)

#### THE JAFNA MAIL.

*Mr Editor*,—The following letters and notes from the beloved brethren and sisters in Ceylon, were certainly not penned for the press. I ask a place for them in your columns for three reasons:—I am quite unworthy to enjoy alone the pleasure to be derived from their perusal; they contain some hints that I wish my brethren in the ministry to ponder for their own profit; and I have supposed that such an introduction of our southern Christians to a sort of fire-side acquaintance with the lovely family group of Jaffna, could not fail to secure for them, and all the objects of their pious solicitude, a large share of our sympathy, our benefactions, and our prayers.

Yours, in Christian love,

MICHAEL OSBORNE.

Raleigh, N. C. March 31st, 1834.

Oodoville, Jaffna, July 1st, 1835.

*My dearly beloved brother*,—How many are the thoughts and associations that crowd upon my mind on this day, the anniversary of our embarkation from Boston for Ceylon!

It has seemed to me the shortest year of my life—certainly not more than six months. Of it, eight months have been spent in Jaffna, among the heathen. But how little has been accomplished! Some progress I have made in acquiring the Tamul language, though very little, much less than I ought to have made, considering my facilities and helps. A few times I have preached the gospel of Jesus. Yet it seems to me that I have done scarcely anything as a missionary—as a servant of the Lord. O for more love to souls, more deadness to the world, more life in prayer, more of the spirit of Brainard, which could dictate the sentiment, “I care not *where* or *how* I live, if I can bring souls to Christ.”

We received from you, a few months since, some paper; and in your letter you say, “We expect to see much of this in America again, written all over by your hand, and that of your dear sister E.” At the close, you say, “whenever you write to us, ask as many of them as may be near to you, to add their mark.” I have, therefore, determined to begin a letter on this interesting anniversary, and send it around in our mail for contributions. I shall begin with brother and sister Apthorp, after a line from E.

Eleven o'clock in the evening in Ceylon,—one P. M. in New England.

*Very dear brother Osborne*,—Just a year ago this hour, we, with a few dear friends, and a throng of acquaintances and spectators, were assembled on board the *Israel*; and having united in singing “Wave wide Ceylon your foliage fair,” as our own language and “Roll on thou mighty ocean,” as the language of our friends, we were exchanging many hasty farewells. Notwithstanding the excitement we felt, which hardly suffered us to know the meaning of what we did, and notwithstanding we were going to the heathen yet there was some bitterness which we could scarcely swallow without sickening in that half hour. I thought the faces of those friends had never been before half so lovely as then, when one after another they snatched them away. If you, and all our dear kindred, especially those who were with us, are not thinking of us, and praying for us, and recalling the above incidents, I am much mistaken.

*July 12th.* Reading what the brethren and sisters up to this date, have written, I am reminded that there is something to do beside "remembering the things which are behind."

*August 7th.* Again the sheets have come to our hands. Full this time. We are to-day making a visit to Oodooville, just a month since we removed to our station at Varany. One may be as far from God, and as destitute of peace and love, not only on mission ground, but in a house of dried leaves, with the earth for a floor, as in any other circumstances, I think, which I have known. Perhaps I was not without a hope that there would be a tendency, in such circumstances, to lead one's heart from earth to heaven. But I think I shall admit no such hope again.

E. HUTCHINS.

*Panditeripo, July 3d, 1834.*

*Dear brother in Christ,*—The last month, and the commencement of this, have been replete with thoughts of all that is dear in Virginia and in America. The last week I have been looking into the missionary room at the busy crowd that occupied it one year ago. We think and speak with pleasure of those dear friends who manifested so much interest for us, and the cause we wish to serve. The last sight of America I had, ceased when I could no longer see the waving of handkerchiefs on Boston wharf. I then went to my cabin, and saw her shores no more; and I would not wish to see them more. No, I feel as though I have said to all in my native land, *farewell for time*. The last year has been a fleeting one; and great and important to us have been its changes. As we have been appointed to this station, we feel that we have commenced our labors among the heathen: but we feel that as yet we are both deaf and dumb, not being able yet to point to them the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, or to understand them, should they come to inquire after him. But we are highly favored in having interpreters, through whom we can, even now, do much. We are happy in our work, and feel encouraged, in the midst of discouragements, to go forward,—believing that, if we are faithful, our labors shall not be in vain in the Lord. I would not exchange my situation for any on earth: and wish to exchange it only for those missions which Christ has prepared for those that love him. And till then let us have an interest in your prayers. With love to yourself and wife, I remain your sister in Christ. MARY R. APTHORP.

I think at least one half of the young men who enter the ministry in America, ought to become foreign missionaries.

WM. TODD.

Never send a man on foreign missions who has not been "through the mill (Theological Seminary,) and been well ground," so at least as to have most of his *corners rounded*, and more of his solid worth *matured*.

L. SPAULDING.

*Dear brother,*—Time, which is ever on the wing, has brought with it a period which, I trust, will always awaken in the minds of the *Israel's company*, the solemn and interesting scenes of July 1, 1834, as one of the most important of our lives—a time when many ardent prayers were offered for our safety across the tempestuous ocean, and that the work of the Lord might prosper in our hands. We hope they are no less ardent at the present time. L. B. TODD.

*Panditeripo, July 5th, 1834.*

*My very dear brother,*—While the Israelites are writing you, I pray that Israel's God may bless you, and give you much faith and love and joy. We have spent one year together; and as the commencement of the last witnessed our union, so the commencement of this is about to witness our separation. Brethren Hoisington and Todd go one way, and brother Hutchins the other. So by the goodness of our covenant God, we are extending our borders. I hope the Lord will send some from the south (of U. S.) as well as from the north, to our aid. Their constitutions are better adapted, of course, to the climate,—though I have been agreeably surprised to find it to me so little oppressive, and this has been the general feeling. The Lord has favored my dear wife and myself with better health than in the United States (though we cannot bear so much fatigue,) and to his praise I say that no couple of the Israelites has been in this respect so highly favored. May he also nourish our *souls*. I rejoice that I am here; and wish to spend and be spent for Christ. You may ask if a missionary life is *favorable to piety*; I rather doubt it. We not only have our own hearts to contend with, but are much more concerned, *necessarily*, in secular business than ministers at home, as we cannot throw so much of it upon others. There are very few (of the heathen) in whom we can repose confidence. Even many of those that we hope are Christians, show a want of a nice sense of right and wrong which with a stranger would seem almost inconsistent with an interest in Christ.—Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the destructive influence of parents and friends which in early life, and often long afterwards, has unlimited sway. You will not understand me to pass a sweeping condemnation on our church members; there are great shades of difference between them. But Christians in America do not realize how very much these native Christians need their prayers; they have to struggle with much more than converts in the United States. Some of them are valuable men, and are great helps to us in our work. Labor among your black population, would be a preparation for missionary work; as in many respects our dealing with these degraded heathen resembles that with the slaves; and I think that, if labors in earnest are commenced among the blacks of the United States, some principles may be developed which will be of great use among the heathen. I should like very much to see some of our southern brethren come here who have had some experience in the ministry. We have a delightful climate, and I think any man may calculate upon living longer here than in the lower districts. North Carolina. Consumptions are almost unknown of Complaints of the liver are not common; and indeed I cannot find that we are subject to any destructive disease, except at times of the cholera. Say to our brethren, Come—and bring with you the experience of some years' pastoral labor, and you will be the more valuable. You will not understand me to advise a man to sit down in a parish, as a preparation for missionary work (as he needs the time here more, and in nine cases out of ten he would remain in his parish,) but to say that the experience of those who have been settled will be of much value. Nor is there much evil resulting from their having been settled, unless they have become too much fixed in their

own way to be willing to change, or too much accustomed to their own way, as pastors over their own people, to be willing to draw with others, and, if need be, to submit.

Give my best love to sister O. and the children. May they all be the children of God. Perhaps I may yet see them in the land of their father's choice, or hear of them in the field for which his earnest prayers ascended to heaven.

A girl has been named here Mary Jane Edmunds (to be supported by the females in N. Edmunds' family) under rather interesting circumstances. No boy yet for John F. Edmunds. Hope there will be in two or three months.

Yours in Christ, most affectionately,  
GEO. H. APTHORP.

*My dear Brother,*—I rejoice much in what God is doing in our land; especially that he prospers so abundantly the American Education Society, the noblest of all the institutions of the present day, and which, of course, demands the assistance of every one who loves the Saviour. Indeed, if it have not their general assistance, how can it be expected that the world is so soon to be converted? Have you, my dear brother, ever sought out one pious young man, and put him in a train to become a minister of Christ? Perhaps you have. If so, the glory you may bring to your Saviour is beyond all calculation great. If you have not, let me entreat you to be up and doing in this business. Is there no pious boy in your Sabbath School, who if assisted, may become an able soldier of Jesus Christ? Are there no pious young men on their farms, or in their shops, or at their law or physic, whom you can force into the ministry? Look and see. You must not die, my dear Osborne, without having done much in this business. If every minister of the gospel in our evangelical churches, would resolve in divine strength that they would never rest until they made the last possible exertion in this business, what a host of our pious young men might be secured for the gospel ministry!

Hatchings will inform you that he and sister E. have become our neighbors. I rejoice much in them. He and I have 50,000 or 60,000 souls in our district, every one of whom, I fear, is on the road to everlasting woe, with the exception of a few who accompanied us from the other side of the river. I have a large number of the rising generation under my care. The exact number I cannot tell. On the Sabbath before last, more than 650 attended our place of worship. What a class for your prayers! Let me have, too, your contributions, that thousands of others of the rising generation may be brought under Christian instruction. All that part of India now belonging to the British government, is open for American Christians.

Harriet is well. We have six little ones here, and two boys at home. O, my dear brother, do pray for them—pray for all my children. Of my eight seven are boys. If they should live and not become pious, how much mischief they may do! Think of their becoming Voltaires and Paines, or Dwights and Paysons. I do not know your dear wife, but will love her for your sake. Give my love to her. Do let us hear from you. The Lord be your portion.

Very affectionately, J. SCUDDER.

#### INTERESTING FROM BURMAH.

The Baptist Missionary Register for April contains intelligence from the American missionaries down to June 3, 1834. Messrs Kincaid and Cutter were summoned before the High Court at Ava, on the 22d March, and after being interrogated on the object of their mission, were told that the government wished them to discontinue their preaching and to go to Rangoon. The missionaries, however, resolved to wait for a more official dismissal, and in the mean time, the government ceased its opposition and permitted the missionaries to hire a house. Three natives were baptized in April; one of whom is a government-writer, and a man of first rate talents." Mrs. Kincaid and Mrs. Cutter have a small school, and need books, &c. for its use.

An English-school has been commenced in Maulmein under the care of Mrs. Simmons.

Mr. Brown, of Maulmein, remarks that the whole religious system of the Burmese is so based upon their geography and astronomy, "that they must inevitably stand or fall together."

Let a Burman only believe that there is such a country as America, at a distance and of a size corresponding to our description of it, and his faith in Buddhism is annihilated at once, however unwilling he may be to receive the Christian religion in its stead. This makes me think that more attention ought to be paid to schools, and especially to the inculcating of correct ideas on geography, for it will be impossible for the children thus taught ever to become conscientious believers in the religion of the country.

#### Miscellaneous.

*From the Christian Advocate and Journal.*

#### A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

Some years since I was traveling from the state of New-York into the province of Upper Canada, by the way of Cape Vincent and Kingston. Between the two channels of the river St. Lawrence we passed over Wolfe's or Grande island, which is but thinly settled. It was in the depth of winter, late in the evening, when I called at an inn. As is but too common at public houses, several gentlemen were sitting round the fireside, engaged in conversation. A little interrupted by my coming in, they made a short pause. Soon one of the company resumed the conversation, and with the spirit of indignation said, "Well, that man ought to be hung for such conduct to his wife," to which the company responded in the affirmative. As I did not know the particulars of which they were conversing, I thought it was the slander and harshness of a bar room conversation, and I asked for no explanation. The company soon dispersed. Early in the morning I called on a man in the neighborhood, with whom I had some business to transact. Soon a gentleman rode up to the door, wishing to know if I was a minister stating that a woman had died the day before, and wished me to stay and attend the funeral; to which I consented, and learned the following particulars:

J. B., the inhuman husband of the deceased, was a son of a tavern keeper on the island, and was early addicted to habits of intemperance. He had been married to a Miss B. four or five years. Notwith-

standing his early habits of dissipation he had been somewhat guarded and prudent till he was married. He then gave himself up to his cups and his carousals, neglecting his business, scattering and destroying, spending much of his time in the town of Kingston—a place noted for intemperance and gambling. It was not long before the last of his property “tottered upon a single card.” He had sold the clothing out of his own house for rum, and his wife was left to contend with poverty and despair. He soon became one of the most abandoned drunkards I ever saw. He had not only seemed to have forgotten to provide for his family, but it had become his delight to rob his forsaken wife of every little comfort she might earn, or receive from a benevolent friend. She lived on the west side of the island in a log hut. It stood upon a rise, exposed to the northern blast that swept along the entire length of Lake Ontario. Almost perpetually the howling tempest beat upon the lonely and shattered dwelling. The rolling waves of the Ontario were seen at a distance dashing their foam upon the huge banks of ice, and the roar of waters and storm added to the dismal gloom that reigned within a drunkard's home.

Here lived the unfortunate female whose unhappy fate I am attempting to describe. She had been married and confined to this prison house of a drunkard near five years. Ah! helpless woman! little did she think when she gave herself to the man she tenderly loved, and who promised to protect her, that he was soon to become to her the source of a thousand woes. With the pencil of fancy she had drawn the scenes of future life, and they were tinged with sunshine. But soon she learned that the husband of her youth was a drunkard—and what could she expect? Despair settled upon her pale brow, and anguish wrung her bleeding heart. Not one ray of hope shed its glimmering upon her solitary path. As if destined to woes, with her sorrows her cares increased. Two infant children demanded her attention and her tears, the youngest of which was but a few weeks old, when her mother fell a victim to neglect and despair.

And here let simple narrative tell her tale of woe. When her infant was but ten days old, she was under the necessity of going out through drift, and snow, and piercing winds, to gather fuel to keep her from freezing—her husband being gone on a drunken frolic. She took a severe cold and soon was confined to her bed of straw, (for such it literally was.) No longer able to walk, or even to sit up, early one morning as her brutal husband was setting off to the tavern to spend the day, she expostulated with him, and endeavored to impress upon his mind her distressed and critical condition. She seemed to succeed. But O! delusive hope. She told him she must have assistance soon, or her stay in the land of the living was short. He seemed to feel. She prevailed on him to go for medical aid. He crossed the river St. Lawrence on the ice to Kingston, (a distance of four miles) and obtained a phial of medicine at the apothecary's store, and left in haste for his sick family. He was returning with apparent concern, and was passing the last corner of the street, when one of his associates in profligacy, looking through the window of a contemptible grog shop, saw his comrade passing and called him in to take something to drink.

Although this inebriate knew that the relief, if not the life of his family depended on his speedy return, his helpless family being entire alone, and none of his neighbors having knowledge of his absence; yet this miserable wretch, on hearing the sound of rum, and an invitation to partake of the crimson poison, soon forgot a suffering wife and helpless infants, left by him in the jaws of death.—He entered the sink of woe and crime, where demons in human form are wont to meet and hold midnight revelry. Here he remained in a drunken frolic for several days, during which it was extremely cold, and there was a heavy fall of snow. No one called at his house during the storm, supposing that he was at home with his family. The fire was out—no friend to render assistance—nor even the call of the stranger to give relief. On her bed of straw, with an infant in each arm, and a few shreds of covering, lay the sufferer pierced with hunger and cold—the bed, the fire place, and floor, were all covered to some depth by the drifting snow. On the third or fourth day he returned with a little medicine, and a bottle of rum. The snow had so drifted it was with some difficulty he entered his house. All within was silent as the house of death. It is said the fingers of the oldest babe were stiffened to marble, and the tear drop had frozen upon the infant's cheek. His wife neither smiled nor wept—life still flickered with them all. In this situation he found his neglected and perishing family. He was intoxicated when he returned—set his medicine and bottle of rum on a shelf, and immediately left for his father's, (near a half a mile's distance,) told his mother the fire had gone out, and his wife was at home sick, and wished she would go over and see her—at the same time stepping into his father's bar, took a glass of brandy; as he came out staggered and fell, and there he spent the afternoon.

His mother was unfortunately given to habits of intemperance, and was then under the influence of ardent spirits. However, with fire and fuel she set off to visit the abode of distress. She found the woman and children speechless, badly frozen, and apparently in the agonies of death. With some difficulty she made a fire, threw a brick and stone into the flames; and while they were heating she discovered the bottle of rum. Being exceedingly chilled, she drank freely of it, and thought it would do her good; but it only deprived her of her reason. By this time the brick and stone had become very warm, and the drunken mother\* applied them to the naked feet of the dying woman. I will only add that in about thirty minutes the kindest messenger under heaven came to relief—that messenger was death.

It fell to my lot to deliver the funeral discourse of this unfortunate female. The feelings of my heart on that occasion I will not attempt to describe. When the lid of the coffin was removed, and many peeping eyes were casting painful looks on her who had fallen a victim to the casualties of intemperance, I saw her husband (the author of her hapless fate) stagger up to the coffin, and to all appearance with a heart as unmoved, and an eye as tearless as the cold and lovely form on which he fixed his drunken gaze. We all proceeded to the burying ground, and I felt a pleasure in seeing the coffin consigned to its peaceful abode. But when I had dismissed the audience in a Christiana

\*She has since killed herself.

form, with my own eyes I saw that drunken maniac stagger over the fresh grave of his bosom companion. My heart failed, and my spirits moved within me, and I could not refrain exclaiming in my heart, Almighty God! if it is thy will that man should suffer in this life, impose on me what evil seemeth good in thy sight—let me live in the cottage of poverty all my days, and have nought but the bread of sorrow to eat, and when I am thirsting on a dry and parched desert let me find no water but my own bitter tears; and when my enemies pursue me and seek my reputation and my life, and I fly for protection to my last friend, let that friend forsake me—let all this come upon me if I must suffer—but O! gracious Heaven! deliver me from the all devouring and overwhelming fate of the drunkard!!

Pawlet, Vt. March 10.

J. ALLEY.

#### EGYPTIAN YOUTH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Our readers, says the New York Observer, will remember that we copied sometime since, from an English publication, a notice that several Egyptian youth had been sent by the Pacha to Great Britain to learn the English language and receive instruction in the useful arts and sciences. They were put, it seems, under the care of the British and Foreign School Society, and in a recent address in behalf of that society by Lieutenant Fabian of the Royal Navy, we find the following, interesting account of them. If it should prove that they have become truly pious, the effect on the spread of Christianity in Egypt may be of the most important and gratifying character.

Lieutenant Fabian stated that twenty Egyptian children had been sent by the Pacha of that country to the school, to learn the English language, in order to their future instruction in British arts and sciences. A request was sent along with the children not to suffer them to read the Scriptures. An answer was returned: that they could not be instructed in the school, unless they conformed to all the rules and regulations, the same as other scholars. The request not to admit them to read the Scriptures was withdrawn and they were admitted. At first they knocked the other boys down, and took from them whatever they thought proper. They were soon made to understand that *might* was not *right*, and that they would be made to conform to the established usages of the school; and, in two years, these children of another quarter of the globe, could both read and write English, were well versed in mental arithmetic, and soon after apprenticed to different trades in this kingdom. Happening to be on a visit where five of these children were apprenticed, Mr. Fabian said curiosity prompted him to make inquiries concerning them, and he found to his astonishment that they all attended a Sunday school, and had become candidates to be admitted into the Christian church. Upon hearing this, he sent for them to his lodging, and on their arrival he asked them if it was true that they wished to join the Christian church. On their replying in the affirmative, he asked them whether they did not recollect that when the name of Jesus was formerly mentioned, how they spat upon the ground, and said there was no true prophet but Mahomet. The boys appeared thunderstruck at the question, and not a word was spoken by them for a quarter of an hour. At last one of them said, do not you recollect how kind your master was with us when we were at school, and as we wished to give him some proof of our gratitude, and had no money, we resolved to go to him, and make a good Musselman of him. We accordingly went to him, and argued the question, but when he proved to us that the Old Testament was 4,000 years older than the

New Testament, and that the latter was 600 years older than our Koran, we made up our minds that the Christian Scriptures were right and the Koran was wrong, because it must be impossible that that which is oldest could steal from the youngest, but the youngest must of necessity have borrowed from that which is older. (Cheers.) We have found in the New Testament a God of love and peace, and under the blessing of the Lord we have come to the knowledge of the true God, and are about to renounce the religion of our fathers, and embrace the Gospel of truth. (Cheers.) I then mentioned to them that if they renounced their religion and returned to Egypt the Pacha would order their heads to be cut off. They replied that they had no fear of that, as he tolerated all sects, and it was their intention when they got back to their native land to preach the gospel of Christ; they had fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters there, and they longed to see them and to show them the God which they had found in British land. Surely these, said the lecturer, were some fruits of the exertions of the society; and he could add, that of fourteen other boys from the same country, with whom he had corresponded, many had renounced the errors of Mohammedanism.

*From the Western Luminary.*

#### INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS.

*"The servant of the Lord must not strive."*

Some two or three years ago, party spirit ran high in Florida. Near a certain small town, not a hundred miles from Tallahassee, lived a lawyer, a warm political partizan—a fighting character. During a protracted meeting in his neighborhood, he was awakened and numbered amongst the converts. A few days after, at table, in the house of a friend, he was asked by a clergyman present, to give some account of his conversion. He replied, "Last Saturday morning, I put my dagger into my bosom, and went to ———, fully resolved that if any man insulted me, I would stab him to the heart. On returning home I attended preaching. It pleased God, that night, to show me what a sinner I was; at such a time I found peace in believing, and now I indulge an humble hope that I am a child of God." "Mr. M." said the clergyman, looking him in the face, "Mr. M. what have you done with the dagger of which you spoke? Have you given it away yet?" "No," returned he, "I am waiting until I come to deep water. I shall drop it there, and my pistol shall go along with it." Blessed be God for that religion which can thus soften down the rough points of the human character! Which can thus convert the lion into a lamb; the vulture into a dove!

About the same time, there was high political excitement in South Carolina. Parties were arrayed against each other—and many persons went armed. I recollect well the cases of three gentlemen, who lived not very far from each other, and who were brought to bow at the feet of the Redeemer about the same time. Two were lawyers, and the third a rich planter. In giving accounts of what the Lord had done for them, one remarked—"I had a quarrel with a certain gentleman, and had made up my mind, that the first time I should see him I would spit in his face!—but oh, sir, as soon as it pleased God, to reveal his love in my heart—the first thing I did was to pray for that man, and meeting him a few days afterwards, I went up to him, and gave him both hands, in token of reconciliation." Another said, "I was about sending to Charleston for a brace of pistols, I thought I should have occasion for them; but now," added he, "I would be willing to kiss the dust upon the feet of the Union men if they would come to Christ!" The third gentleman remarked—"Sir, you don't know the state of political excitement amongst us

here. Why, sir, I felt myself, as if I could seize my gun, and go out to the road, and shoot down my own brother, if he belonged to the other party. Now I can take them *all* in my arms, and say, God bless every one of them!" What a blessed religion ours is!

I recollect another case, somewhat different, but equally illustrative of the power of religion in controlling the passions—in keeping the soul calm and self-possessed in the hour of provocation. In a certain small town in ——— state, Major C., during a revival, was, it is believed, truly converted unto God. He was a man of high spirit, strong and athletic; a man of the world, and in sentiment a Unitarian. When the revival commenced he was not at all pleased with what he saw going on. Being invited to go to a meeting for religious inquiry—"No," replied he indignantly, "I will never confess my sins to any man." That day, if I mistake not, a charming young lady, to whom he was engaged to be married, professed conversion. What a calamity! The next day her father, a gentleman of the first respectability, ranged himself under the banner of the cross! Well now, really, this is carrying matters too far! But to make a long story short. The Major, after many struggles, was *himself* brought to bow at the foot of the cross. There he found mercy; and now beyond description happy in the Saviour's love, he wished all his friends to come to Christ, particularly Dr. P. One evening an invitation having been given, many of the anxious went forward to be prayed for. The Major urged his friend to go forward—perhaps urged with too much importunity; grievously offended, the Doctor went out got a cow-skin and way-laid the Major. Coming up to him as he was returning from church, with a lady leaning upon his arm; he spoke roughly and said, "Sir, it is the presence of that lady which protects you." "I give you my hand," said the Major, with great kindness. "I won't take it sir," replied he. "Then I will pray for you!" returned the Major, still calm and unruffled. What a command of temper have we here! When the love of God is in the heart, how sweet and pleasant are all the feelings of the soul! It may not be improper to add, that the next day the doctor was very sorry for what he had done—apologized and said, "Major, if they invite us to go forward this evening, I will go."

AN EYE WITNESS.

#### POPERY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Look at it as presented in the following extracts from *Dr. Terry's Travels in South America in 1832*. Of Dr. Terry, the American Quarterly Review which will not be impeached for prejudice against popery, says:—

"His observations are those of a sensible, well-disciplined mind, carefully avoiding exaggeration. This feature is particularly manifested in his reserve, when speaking of individuals and of the public morals. Upon the whole, we may recommend the work as creditable to the author, and well timed and useful to the public."

Even our 'neutral' friends, says the Cincinnati Journal whose remarks we copy—"even our neutral friends will not attempt to impeach the credit of a book thus recommended. They will hardly be willing to volunteer an opinion that it was 'got up for effect.'"

Alluding to Dr. Terry's account of the popish priesthood, the Quarterly says:

"Of the morality of the priesthood, the doctor gives a lamentable account, which is *unhappily* but too *well* sustained by statements derived from other sources, and in relation to other portions of South America."

Now listen to Dr. Terry, and remember that the abandoned profligates whom he describes, are inducted into the sacred office, and kept in office by a bishop appointed by the Pope himself.

"The greater part of the ecclesiastics lead an openly profligate life; women, cock-fighting, and gambling, in

various ways, are daily recreations with them. I once visited a *monk*, in the cell of his own convent, who had no less than *six game cocks tied by the legs*, in various parts of the room; during my stay, he entertained me with a long and animated discussion of their various merits. *Shaven crowns*, (or monks) are to be seen in every *coffee-house*, their owners as animated *betters*, in the gambling which is going on, as any of the assembled crowd. And it is a very common thing for a curate to have a *whole flock of orphan nephews and nieces*, the children of an imaginary brother."

Can any thing be more horrid than the above description! What must be the morality of the people who follow the lessons of such a priesthood? What must be the corruption of a church which places such liberties around her holy altars! Pity that these fellows could not have an '*orphan asylum*' to release them of the care of so many '*nieces and nephews*.' But how could we expect better morals from the priests of South America, when the cardinals of the Pope shamelessly gamble in the halls of the vatican!

We will give one extract more, from the American Quarterly. It shows how the festivals of the church are kept in South America. Dr. Terry says:

"Of all the festivals, the carnival is celebrated in the most ridiculous, and even barbarous manner: the rudest sports take the place of the *masques, music and dancing* of this festival, in other Catholic countries. During three days you cannot walk the streets without danger of being wet at every step with foul water. Bowls, syringes, and even pails of water, tinged of various colors, are kept by the females of all classes, in the balconies, with which they besprinkle any passer-by, who may be so unwary as to pass near them. If you cross the end of a street, you are saluted in front and rear by a shower. Egg shells, filled with this colored-water, and sealed with wax at both ends, are carried about the streets for sale, and parties of gentlemen ride round the city, pelting the ladies in the balconies, and are pelted in turn. For the first two days I escaped by confining myself closely to the house; but on the third, indispensable business called me forth, and in spite of all the precautions I could take, I was drenched from head to foot, in foul water. Before the carnival is over, every one who has not the prudence to stay at home, resembles a drowned man, who has been drawn by the heels through an ash-pit. The lower classes carry on the sports, men and women, indiscriminately in the streets."

I saw one unfortunate fellow who had fallen into the clutches of about a dozen women. They had plumed his arms, and plastered him from head to foot with paint, flour, soot, and mud, and were then driving him through the streets, shouting, beating him, and covering him with all sorts of abomination. It appeared he had been a very active tormentor of these gentle beings, who had formed a conspiracy to punish him. The carnival in Quito is said to be celebrated in a still more horrible manner, and with materials more disgusting. No cry of '*gardez l'eau*,' warns the passer by of his impending fate."

We have no room for further extracts. What we have given will suffice to show the true character of popery in all countries where its excesses are not restrained by a Protestant public sentiment.

Sin is the sickness of the soul, and Christ the only physician that can cure it of the leprosy of profaneness, the fever of concupiscence, the dropsy of covetousness, the tympany of pride, the lethargy of lukewarmness, the phrenzy of passion, and the palsy of unbelief.

God is so holy, that he would not suffer such an evil as sin, but that he is so wise, that he can bring good out of it.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, MAY 9, 1835.

*For the Religious Intelligencer.*

## AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

With devout gratitude to the author of all good, it deserves to be acknowledged, that this institution has been useful to the church and the world beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Since its organization, a little less than twenty years ago, it has assisted more than two thousand two hundred young men in preparation for the ministry; and been the means of putting into the sacred office about seven hundred, who are now preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ in different parts of the world. At the last meeting of the directors, in April, appropriations to the amount of more than fifteen thousand dollars, were made to seven hundred and eighty-three individuals, in one hundred and thirteen literary and theological institutions. Of these individuals, sixty-nine are new beneficiaries, about two thirds of them in a course of study preparatory for admission to college. It is a decisive token for good that the education cause is fast coming into favor with the Christian public. The objections and prejudices against it which were once so common, have in a great measure yielded to the influence of truth. A knowledge of the spiritual wants of our own country and the world, has produced the impression, that there is an urgent demand for a great increase of evangelical, educated ministers;—also that this demand cannot be met without special prayer and effort. This impression is fast becoming more extensive and more powerful. As the vast increase of our population is contemplated, together with the unprecedented efforts to increase infidelity, and Romanism, and vice in all its forms, it begins to be deeply felt, that the land must be supplied with Christian pastors and teachers, if we would not become a nation of evil doers, fitted for the desolating judgments of heaven. Hence the decided increase of interest and of liberality now witnessed in favor of the Education Society. The amount of its operations during the current year, will be nearly one third greater than during the last year.

It is matter of encouragement that it is thus rising in public estimation to its comparative importance among those kindred national institutions, which aim at filling the world with the salvation and the glory of the gospel. Most obviously this judgment in its favor is founded on truth. He who has just impressions concerning the present state of the world, must see the most urgent reasons why the training of suitable young men for the Christian ministry should have a large place in the thoughts, the charities and prayers of God's people. Since the middle of December last, more than three thousand dollars has been raised in the county of Hartford in aid of the American Education Society. But is there any reason why this liberality should not be imitated in all parts of the state? Who among the many donors to the Ed. Society in Hartford county will find himself the poorer for what he has given, or be able to say it is *not* more blessed to give than to receive? Let all our counties come out in favor of this interesting object with the

same liberality as this county; and instead of giving the parent society cause to say again, "Connecticut does not give enough to support her own beneficiaries," our charity shall flow in generous streams to them who share less than ourselves in the bounties of heaven.

During the winter, part of a legacy amounting to more than ten thousand dollars, from the late Joseph Abbott, Esq. of Ellington, has been paid into the treasury of the American Education Society. May it not be hoped that the instances of generosity now mentioned, will excite many in every part of this favored state to go and do likewise? Besides this donation acknowledged above, a responsible individual has pledged himself to be one of five to pay annually for five years, beginning in January next, five hundred dollars, or one of ten to pay annually for the same period, one thousand dollars to the Am. Ed. Society. Though this proposal is made in the county of Hartford, it has for its limits the whole state of Connecticut. Can it be reasonably doubted whether, within these limits, the larger number mentioned may be easily found to afford this amount of patronage, to this great national institution?

If any persons, whose eyes may meet this proposal, shall be disposed to assist in carrying it into effect, they are respectfully requested to make known their benevolent intentions to the subscriber. As he traverses the state in the arduous work of an Agent, he cheerfully casts himself on the christian affection and kindness of his ministerial brethren, and all other friends of the Redeemer. By the affectionate and liberal reception enjoyed during the short period that he has been in this laborious service, he is much encouraged to hope for the prayers and the co-operation of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in time to come. By these means only can he expect his burdens to be made light, and his efforts to be crowned with success.

ANSEL NASH,

*General Agent of A. E. S.*

WINTONBURY, APRIL 30th, 1835.

## INTELLIGENCE FROM LIBERIA.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. McDOWAL'S LETTERS.

Dr. McD., it will be recollected, is the young colored physician educated at Edinburgh, who has been sent in his professional capacity to Liberia, by the American Colonization Society.

On the morning of the 1st of August, we went on shore and were very kindly received by the Vice Agent, Mr. G. R. McGill, at the Agency House, Mr. Pinney, the Agent, being absent at New-Georgia, and in rather a bad state of health. With the place, I must say, I have, and we have all, been agreeably disappointed. Instead of finding a sorry, wretched looking place, inhabited by a sickly, discontented race of beings, I am glad to say, we found quite the opposite. After passing the bar and approaching towards the landing place, large and substantial stone ware-houses met our view; and many very excellent, though small trading vessels lay quietly reposing on the waters of the Montserado: nor was there any appearance of want of business; schooners loading and unloading; some building, others repairing; natives employed in weighing and carrying camwood, &c. into the warehouses.

On ascending the hill we were still more pleased with the commodious and very comfortable appearances of

the houses. The people all looked happy and contented; nor have I, upon further acquaintance and examination into their state, found any reason to see why they should be otherwise, provided they are industrious and the administration of the affairs of the Colony is judicious. The scheme of Colonization is indeed worthy of all your eloquence and all your enthusiasm. There are circumstances attending it, and materials here, which, like the colors of a painting or stones for a building, if seized and combined by a masterly hand, would produce as beautiful a picture, and as pleasing an edifice as the philanthropist or the philosopher could wish to see. Even as it is now, I cannot describe what were my feelings, as I stood on a height of the Cape, and looked down on the dwellings of this Christian community, peacefully placed on the shores of Africa, and remembered that but a few years ago where savages and *slavers* would have scowled on the path of the traveler, he may now "regale himself with the hum of missionary schools, and the lovely spectacle of peaceful and Christian villages." The experiment of Colonization I consider fully tried, and its practicability unquestionably established. And considering the want of support, and the well organized opposition which the Society has met, it is a matter of much astonishment to me that they have effected what has been done. There are many evils here, but the most part of those evils are not essentially attendant on Colonization. There are many poor here, and there are some discontented. The first are in a great measure unavoidable, the latter we do not wish to retain in the Colony. That there has been much sickness and much mortality, is a melancholy fact; but for this we must not look to the climate as the sole cause. Much, nay, a very great deal depended on the circumstances under which the emigrants were sent out. The society provided provisions and accommodation for them to the best of their power; but those provisions were not always such as suited the fastidious taste of a sick person. Many also went on board of the ship with only one suit of clothes. Hence when they did get through the fever, which under favorable circumstances need not be dreaded, it was not always in the power of the Agent to supply them with *clothes* and nutritious food suited to them. But who are to blame for this? *Not the Society, but the Public of America.*

The weather since our arrival has been cool and pleasant, the thermometer ranging between 76 and 80 degrees of Fahrenheit. I think we have arrived at a most excellent time. The change is not so great. On the 14th day after landing I was seized with the fever, but got over it, and was getting on pretty well; but longing to visit my patients, I went out at night, and brought on another attack. I had some severe agues, but have had none for three days past, and now feel pretty well only a little weak. I intend now to take better care of myself for some time, and hope to be ready when your expedition comes, to join it. The fever seems to be a sort of bilious remittent, in the first instance, but eventually assumes the intermittent type. Mine has now taken the character of the tertian ague. In violent cases, we have treated it actively by venesection and purgatives with success. This had not been the custom previous to our arrival. But Dr. Skinner and I feel convinced of the necessity and superiority of such a mode of treatment, over that of trusting to quinine alone, from the organic diseases which so often follow the latter plan. Much also, as I have said before, depends upon having the comforts of life, in addition to good medical treatment. In the last number of the *Liberia Herald*, you will see Dr. Skinner's description of the town, and his plan of erecting a building upon the top of the high land which forms the Cape, for the acclimation of Missionaries and others. In this I cordially agree with him. There they will always have the

sea breeze; the swampy exhalations will not reach them. I hope the Christian denunciations will respond to his invitation, and enable him to put this desirable scheme into execution. In Dr. Skinner we have a valuable friend, both as a physician and a preacher. His labors already among the colonists, in both capacities, have been such as to show that he possesses a mind and a body of no ordinary strength and vigor.

Coffee trees are scattered throughout the Cape in great abundance. At Bassa the settlers are often furnished by the natives with coffee beans, which the house keeper of the agency, who has lived for a considerable time at that place, tells me she prefers to any other coffee imported. Of the superior quality of it, there is no question. An active, intelligent colonist here, who was employed on the late Mr. Waring's coffee plantation, says he finds it growing of a much superior size to any he has seen in the West India Islands. I think in your new settlement he would be useful, as he is well acquainted with the raising of coffee and sugar. With this view, I have thought it may be well to keep him in mind. I have visited Mr. Waring's coffee plantation, but do not like the nature of the ground. The soil is scanty, and interrupted with rocks protruding up through it.

I think, in addition to planting young coffee trees, a double chance would be given by transplanting into prepared ground, those trees we find growing wild, and which already yield a considerable quantity of beans. At least it would be well to give it a trial; at Bassa I shall certainly do so. Cotton is also abundant, and might be treated in the same way. The excellence of its quality is unquestionable. In our botanical investigations we have met with a great many useful and curious plants. Two kinds of senna grow wild at the sides of the streets. The indigo plant is met all over the Cape; but it is said not to be the same as that used by the natives in dyeing. This and the mode of dyeing their cloth, they keep a secret. We have also met with a species of pepper, said to be the Malaghetta pepper. Birds at the upper settlement are particularly numerous and beautiful. Insects are also very abundant, but not very troublesome. The appearance, habits, and instinctive pursuits of those creatures, are novel and interesting.

*Extract of a letter dated New Georgia, Liberia, 17th of August, 1834, from Mr. JAMES EDEN, a colored Teacher at Liberia, to the Ladies' Association of Philadelphia, under whose patronage he went to that country.*

*Esteemed Ladies.*—It is with peculiar pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th of April, with instructions, in relation to my school. In accordance with your instructions, I convened the inhabitants of both towns in the church in this place, reading to them your letter, and explaining the wishes of the Association. They appeared to be highly gratified with the contents of your letter, and I succeeded in receiving forty adults to the school. As these people are engaged in labor through the day, the males sawing lumber in the swamp, and the females at the farms and in their domestic concerns, I have appointed 4 o'clock P. M. for their school hour. I have in all seventy two scholars, forty adults and thirty two children. I am sorry to inform you that my dear friend and brother, the Rev. J. B. Pinney has been very ill for the last two weeks. He staid in my family nearly a week, until he heard of the arrival of the Jupiter, when I accompanied him to the Cape. He is desirous to vacate his seat as Agent, and to devote himself entirely to the Missionary cause.

On the arrival of the Jupiter, August 1st, the Rev. Dr. Skinner assembled the citizens of Monrovia at the Agency house. The meeting was very large, including the clergy of every denomination. The exercises were commenced by singing a hymn, composed by the Dr.

the evening previous to his arrival on our coast, while reflecting on the death of those missionaries who had fallen asleep in that glorious cause, and his coming hither to sacrifice himself on the same altar, should it be the will of the Lord. The hymn was given out by the Doctor, and sung by the audience; that venerable man then arose and addressed the meeting for a considerable time on the subject of his mission, stating the object of his coming to Liberia, and the great loss he had previously sustained in the death of his son. During the whole of the exercises, a deep solemnity pervaded the assembly, such as I have seldom if ever witnessed, and when the Doctor in an appropriate and fervent prayer, closed the exercises, a solemn awe seemed to impress every one with the sacredness of the occasion.

On Sunday morning, 3d August, Dr. Skinner preached at the Second Baptist Church, (Rev. C. Teage, Pastor,) from John iii. 16. In the afternoon he preached at the First Baptist Church, (Rev. Mr. Waring Pastor.) I was not present, having to attend my own congregation.

September 8. I am happy to inform you that for the last two or three weeks, Mr. Pinney has been recovering, and now preaches occasionally. I am also happy to inform you that the Methodist people among the Eboes have erected a log meeting house, and now occupy it for public worship. During the evenings of the week as you pass among their humble dwellings, you may hear the voice of prayer and praise to God in sweet and frequent concert from many a lowly hut.

Among the Congoes there are eighteen frame houses finished, besides a good many on the way. In Eboe town there are five. This difference is owing to the fact that the Eboes are turning their attention to agriculture, while the Congoes are chiefly engaged in sawing lumber.

Agriculture in this town is in a flourishing state this year; the farms are numerous, and the crops fine. Potatoes, rice, corn, peas, and cassada, are plenty.

Having since my arrival in Africa, been so constantly engaged in my school as to prevent my visiting the other settlements, I can give no certain account of them. I am informed, however, that the citizens of Caldwell also are giving increased attention to agriculture. \*

Accompanying the letter, of which the foregoing is a part, is the following from Mr. Battan Superintendent of New Georgia.

The following is a list of the children of recaptured Africans, to whom I have distributed the donation of wearing apparel, received from the ladies of Philadelphia, per Ship Jupiter, Captain Knap. [Here follow the names of the young recipients of this kind bounty; to the males were given two suits of clothes each, and to the females three each. The number of suits distributed is eighty-four.]

Ladies: in the distribution of your donation, I cannot express the joy manifested by the children. I am requested by them as well as by their parents, to return you their most unfeigned thanks for the kind interest you have taken in their welfare, in making them comfortable and happy, and to assure you that they will ever regard your interest in them as a high honor.

With sentiments of respect and esteem,  
I am your humble and obedient Servant,  
JAMES BATTAN,  
Superintendent New Georgia, Congoe Town.

From the St. Louis Observer  
SLAVERY.

We take the following from a correspondent of the Cincinnati Journal. Surely we were not aware that such enactments as these disgraced the statute books of any one of our sister states. Here is legislation directly calculated, if not purposely intended, to chain immortal

souls in eternal bondage. If there is a God in Heaven, and that God is just, such things will not pass unpunished. Not for all the wealth of Louisiana would we have been the author of the least offensive of these enactments. And let our citizens of this state, when tempted by the gainful offers of the *slave-driver* from below, remember that the money he offers is the price of blood—of immortal souls. We cannot adopt the views of the Northern Abolitionists—they are fundamentally erroneous; but when such facts as the following statement contains, are brought to their knowledge, we cannot wonder that their souls are stirred within them. Who that has humanity, but must weep for the poor slave thus consigned to his tormentors before his time?

The other day I attended a *sale of slaves* in the exchange.

In one unaccustomed to such scenes, it excited no enviable feelings. The first spontaneous emotion of my heart was, that God never made men and women to be sold like beasts, or bales of cotton, and to be separated from each other, and from their children, as I saw them separated! And yet a Presbyterian minister, not long since in a sermon preached before synod, asserted and attempted to prove from the Bible that *slavery is no sin*.

There were 33 in the lot to be sold. As a specimen, I subjoin the prices of a few.

Willis, 18 years old, brought	\$1400
Jack, 29,	1200
Adams, 20,	1300
Tom, 16,	1175
Dick, 30,	1000
Bill, 14,	660
Maliuda, 29,	500

Instead of any comments on the above, I will give you a few sections from the laws of Louisiana, proposed by Mr. Waggaman, the present senator in congress from Louisiana, and passed in 1830.

It is due to not a few good citizens of Louisiana, to say that they regard these laws with deep regret, believing them to be a foul blot on the statutes of the state. Judge Workman, who gave \$10,000 to the American Colonization Society, made ineffectual attempts to have them repealed.

*He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives in the state of Louisiana, in general assembly convened.*

That whosoever shall write, print, publish, or distribute any thing having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population of the state, or insubordination among the slaves therein, shall, on conviction thereof before any court of competent jurisdiction, be sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life, or suffer death at the discretion of the court.

Sec. 2. *Be it further enacted.*

That whosoever shall make use of language in any public discourse from the bar, the bench, the stage or the pulpit, or in any place whatsoever; or whosoever shall make use of language in private discourses, or conversations, or shall make use of signs, or actions having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population of this state, or to excite insubordination among the slaves therein; or whosoever shall knowingly be instrumental in bringing into this state any paper, pamphlet, or book having such tendency as aforesaid, shall, on conviction thereof before any court of competent jurisdiction, suffer imprisonment at hard labor not less than 3 years nor more than 21 years, or death, at the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. *Be it further enacted.*

That all persons who shall teach, or permit or cause to be taught, any slave in this state to read, or write, shall on conviction thereof before any court of competent jurisdiction, be imprisoned not less than one month, nor more than twelve months.

Sec. 4. *Be it further enacted.*

That it shall be the duty of the judges of the criminal jurisdiction in this state, to give this act in charge to the grand jury at each time of their respective courts.

A. B. ROMAN,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

ISAAC A. SMITH,

President of the Senate, *pro tem.*

Approved, March, 16, 1830.

JACQUES DUPRE,

acting Governor of the state of Louisiana.

I have neither time nor disposition now to make comments. I add one morsel more from the

"Black Code."

Sec. 9. Any slave who shall wilfully strike his master, mistress, or his or her child or children, so as to cause a contusion, or effusion or shedding of blood, shall be punished with death.

How think you the above sections will read along with Paul's letter to the Colossians!

## NOBLE RESOLUTIONS.

Thoughts that were found among the unpublished papers of a clergyman known to many in Virginia, and by hundreds regarded as their spiritual father.

"Twenty reasons for quietness of soul and silence under discreditable rumors.

1. If these rumors be *true*, it would not be lawful to deny them. My mouth, in such case, ought to be stopped.

2. If they are *false*, my denial of them will not make them more so.

3. Holy Cranmer had such a good memory that he never forgot any thing except injuries. May I be like him.

4. The primitive Christians, when reviled, did bless. 1 Cor. 4, 15. So will I.

5. When Jesus was reviled, he reviled not again. 1 Pet. 2: 23.

6. Patient continuance in well doing, will put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. 1 Pet. 2: 15.

7. It is a glory of a man to pass over a transgression. Prov. 19: 11.

8. He who wickedly utters or believes a false rumor, is hurt a million times more than any one else. Ps. 15: 3.

9. Our rejoicing in this, the testimony of our conscience. 2 Cor. 1: 12.

10. I have committed my character no less than my soul to Jesus Christ, and he will keep what I have committed to him. 2 Tim. 1: 2.

11. It shall ever be my rule to leave off contention before I begin it, and not after I have defiled my conscience with it. Prov. 17: 14.

12. Though the rumors be untrue, yet they *may* promote my humility, by reminding me of some sin really chargeable to me.

13. If I am injured, I shall get justice at the Judgment day, when my Master will also get justice; and if my enemies require punishment, they will receive it as soon as my Master's enemies shall receive theirs.

14. I need very much forgiveness from God in things that have even escaped my memory. I owe ten thousand talents; and shall I not forgive my fellow servants fifty pence?

15. I have lived to very little purpose, if it is necessary for me to leave my appropriate work, and turn aside to repel every charge that is preferred against me.

16. I do believe that those who uttered and entertained those rumors, would not do such things if influenced by the spirit which they sometimes have in secret. Therefore will I not fall into their error.

17. Few things are more tormenting than the indulgence of a superstitious temper, or of any malignant feeling.

18. Christianity is practically worth very little to me, if it will not enable me, to triumph over all these things, and embrace in the arms of holy benevolence the bitterest enemy I have on earth.

19. Time spent in prayer, rather than recrimination, will be likely to do good to all concerned.

20. Eternity is just at hand. Its realities will soon make these little things to consume away like the fat of lambs. I shall not think of them once in a million of ages.

Therefore I will possess my soul in patience, and maintain silence. It is a good resolution, and by God's grace I will adhere to it. Nor shall insult irritate, nor anonymous writers excite me. I will love my brethren, because they are brethren. I will love my enemies, because this will be godlike. If a man shall attempt to injure me, I will follow him with kindness as long as we live."—*Rich. Tel.*

*From the New England Spectator.*

## AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Auburn Theological Seminary was established by the synod of Geneva in 1819, incorporated in 1820, and went into operation in 1821. The act of incorporation placed the institution under the direction of a board of trustees, and a board of commissioners, the commissioners to be annually chosen by the several presbyteries named in the act. (said presbyteries are now embraced in the synods of Genesee, Geneva, and Oneida,) and by such other presbyteries in the state of New York as might associate with them. When the institution went into operation, in the fall of 1821, there were three professors, and during the first year, from eight to twelve students. In 1823, the professorship of Christian Theology was endowed, and a professor elected to fill that station. The whole number of students who have left this institution, and are now employed in preaching the gospel, is 240. Of these, about 50 have gone to the Mississippi valley, some to the Southern states, 60 or 70 are now preaching in this state, 12 or more have gone on foreign missions, viz: 5 to Sandwich Islands, 1 to Siam, 1 to Cyprus, 1 to Ceylon, 1 to Rocky mountains, 1 to Canada—the remainder being scattered through various sections of our country. The number of students at present connected with the institution is between 50 and 60; 20 of these entered last fall. The senior class contains from 15 to 20. The Faculty at present consists of Rev. James Richards, D. D., Rev. M. L. R. Perrine, D. D., Rev. Henry Mills, D. D., and Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., professor elect, who is expected to enter upon the duties of his office at the commencement of the summer term. The seminary buildings are substantial stone edifices, in a delightful situation. The library contains about 4,000 volumes.

*From the Christian Watchman.*

## PAPISTS AND OUR LAWS.

When we first read the following article in the last number of Zion's Herald, our credulity we acknowledge, was a little staggered, and we felt willing to wait a while to see whether there might not be a mistake somewhere in reference to the account. In confirmation of this fact, however, the Traveler of last Friday says,—“It is

hardly worth while to soften the matter, by throwing in doubts of its authenticity. We have undoubted evidence of its truth. Such a scene has actually occurred in Ann street in the city of Boston; the deceased was Mrs. McAvoy, and one of the three physicians, acting under the direction of the public officer, was driven away, wrote the account." Now who can read this statement, and not discover that the influences of the Roman Catholic Religion on the superstitious mind, are the same now as they ever have been in Spain or Portugal? Oh, when will the force of truth break the fetters that keep in thralldom so many of our species! Where, indeed, is our safety in this community, if the Priests refuse to use their influence over their infuriated subjects when they bid defiance to our laws?

"On Wednesday, last week, an Irish woman in this city died very suddenly and in quite an unusual manner. On Thursday morning a complaint was lodged at the Police Court, against the husband of the deceased, as being the cause of her death. A constable and coroner immediately repaired to the spot, arrested the husband, and after some inquiries empaneled a jury, and began to make investigation. Several witnesses were examined, who testified that the husband and the deceased had often quarreled, and that he had often abused and beat her, and that a noise was heard in the room of the deceased that night, and that she was heard to say, "Be still! don't do so!" &c. A physician was also examined, who happened to be present when she died. He testified that her death was a very unusual one, that it was not caused by a fit, and probably not by violence, but thought it might be caused from having taken poison, and recommended a *post mortem* examination. It was then decided by the government that a *post mortem* examination should take place, and 3 o'clock in the afternoon was assigned as the hour to perform it. At the appointed hour three physicians, together with the constables and coroner, assembled to make the examination; but what was their surprise to find about fifty persons of both sexes, assembled guarding the corpse, with a cross suspended over her head, a lighted candle at her feet, with a sufficient quantity of snuff and tobacco to neutralize all other effluvia, and declaring with clenched fists, that she should not be touch again. Probably she had not quite got through purgatory, and they thought it necessary that she should remain quiet during her journey. In vain did the constables reason, command, and threaten. They became the more enraged, and cared neither for officers or laws. They were all both men and women, ready to fight, and "spill the last drop of blood in their veins." It was then thought best to apply to a priest, knowing that one word from him would reverse the scene. Accordingly two constables went to the Bishop, and requested him to order that the government might proceed with the investigation. The Bishop, however, refused to do any thing about it, even to approve of the government's investigation of this alleged crime!!—What was the consequence of this? The government saw and trembled before the bloody scene that would result from a continued examination—and it desisted!!

Now we ask where is the supremacy of the laws? Here is a sect of superstitious religionists, declaring virtually, "We know not, and care not for law—crime shall be concealed—we'll poison and kill, and mock at your law and officers of government."

From the Sabbath School Visitor.

### THE CHIP.

When I was a little boy, there were no Sabbath schools, and very little care was taken of the morals of the young. I went to a town school where the master took no care about what was done out of school; con-

sequently the boys were very bad. In playtime the great boys, who were almost men grown, were always setting the little boys to fighting; and the way they did it was, to get two of them about of a size, and tell one that he was afraid of the other. They would tell Bill that he was afraid of Jack. "No," says Bill, "I am not afraid of him, I know." "Well," says Jack, "I am not afraid of you neither." Then they would put a chip on Jack's hat, and say, "Bill, you dare not knock off that chip." "Yes I dare," says Bill, "but I don't want to do it." "O, you are a coward," the big boys would say, "you are afraid." "No," says Bill, "I am not afraid;" and so, to show that he was not afraid, the silly child would go up and knock off the chip. Then the big boys would call him a brave fellow, and applaud his spirit; and would say to the other, "Now Jack, if you suffer that, you are a coward." "No, I am not a coward," says Jack, "and if Bill does that again, he had better take care." This threat raises the anger of Bill, who thinks himself a brave fellow, and he says he will do it again. So the wicked boys would put another chip on Jack's hat, and Bill, a foolish little fellow, goes up and knocks it off. Then down comes the blow; and they fight, scratch, and pull hair, much to the delight of the wicked boys who set them on; and who enjoy the fun, as they call it, until each of the silly children gets a bloody nose, and goes off blubbering and crying to his mother, who, if she served him right, would give him a good, sound whipping. But perhaps she takes his part, and posts off to the other mother, to complain of her boy, for whipping her little darling. But the other mother may be no wiser, and a quarrel between the families may ensue which may last during a whole generation.

Great boys should be ashamed of such conduct; it is like the conduct of the evil One who tempted Cain to slay his brother. They may think it rare sport, but it fosters such feelings and passions as, when boys are grown up to be men, lead to duels, murders, and war. Little boys should have more sense than to be made the sport of such wicked youths, who only laugh at their folly. If they only minded their Bible and what is taught in the Sabbath schools, they could not be so duped. We are taught by our blessed Saviour, not to revenge injuries; and if knocking off the chip were an injury or an insult, it should be forgiven and not revenged. But it is not the injury, but the fear of being called a coward, that is at the root of the mischief. Now, a good boy is always afraid to do wrong; but he is not afraid of the jeers and taunts of wicked boys, and if once he would let them know that, they would let him alone; and if they see that he is afraid of their ridicule, they will be always teasing him.

The same principles operate on men, as are seen among little boys. Duelling is generally conducted upon the same principles as the chip-fight. It is seldom that either of the parties in a duel, has such an enmity against the other, as to induce him to risk his own life for the sake of killing him or to revenge an insult; but there is the chip, and he will be called a coward if he does not knock it off. So he is afraid not to challenge even his best friend, if he thinks himself insulted. He is, morally, a coward, and is more afraid of the ridicule of man than he is of the anger of God. It is the same with the challenged. The challenge could do him no more harm than knocking off a chip from his hat, if he were not afraid that the world would laugh at him and call him a coward. So he murders his friend and perhaps gets killed himself, and rushes uncalled into the presence of his Maker, like Cain red with his brother's blood, for fear he should be called a coward. Thus the dearest friends have been instigated by a wicked world to murder one another. I once saw a sentry-box, in which two dear friends, young officers in the army, shot each other, being forced into a duel by their elder offi-

cers, just as the big boys at school, make fools of the little ones.

Nations also are guilty of the same folly. Designing men put on the chip, or pretend it is put on, and call the nation a coward if they do not knock it off. What is called national honor, is nothing more or less than a chip; and nine tenths of the wars in which Christian nations have been engaged, have been chiefly on account of what is called the 'point of honor,' by duellists, or 'national honor' and 'self-respect,' by nations! For alas! nations, yes, Christian nations, for fear the world will call them cowards, entirely neglect the commandments and example of Him who suffered insults patiently. Two states in Italy once went to war, because the soldiers of one state, stole a bucket from a public well belonging to another. The bucket was the chip. The point of honor in one state required that they should demand the bucket, which they did with threats. The point of honor required that they should keep the bucket; and a bloody war ensued, which not only almost ruined them both, but distressed thousands of innocent individuals, multiplied widows and orphans, and sent many souls into eternity.

When will Christian nations become nations of Christians?

HUMANITY.

From the Presbyterian.

Mr. Editor—You have represented in your paper that the Church of Scotland is a model of purity of doctrine; while the Churches of New England have been characterised by you as unsound in doctrine and impure in morals. Admitting your statements to be correct, I should wish you to account for the following facts. Some years since the writer was in Edinburgh, and attended one of the churches on the Sabbath; it happened to be a communion day; he noticed two of the Elders who were pointed out to him (one of whom was Sir Walter Scott,) who were assisting in the distribution of the elements; and the next night he met these same Elders at the theatre. Another fact is—that there are seven Catholic churches and one convent now building at Edinburgh, the head-quarters of orthodoxy, while at Boston, the seat of heresy, popery cannot exist. I hope, sir, in your zeal for the purity of the Presbyterian church, you will find time to do something to arrest the progress of the equally dangerous error of popery; and in doing this, let me request you to remember that men will not be driven to give up their opinions, but will cling to them with more tenacity. If you wish to convert men to your opinions, it must be by kindness rather than by persecution.

A PRESBYTERIAN.

#### CENTENNAL ANNIVERSARY.

The Vermont Chronicle says that "the 4th of October next will complete the third century since the printing of the first English Bible was finished." This was Coverdale's Bible, published at Zurich. In these three centuries, how extensive and glorious have been the influences of the English version of this blessed book! How many hundreds of thousands, or rather of millions, in Great Britain and the United States, have been freed by this charter of human rights and salvation, from the chains of popish despotism and ecclesiastical tyranny, and have been led by its heavenly rays from the night of superstition and false religion, to confide in the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, who is "THE TRUTH AND THE LIGHT!" How many under its blessed guidance have finished their course on earth in faith and hope and joy, and entered into rest, where they are

now rejoicing around the throne "with joy unspeakable and full of Glory!" If there is any object on earth that will be dear to the Christian in heaven, it must be the Bible—the book which unveiled to him, in an apostate world, the glories of the incarnate God, and the blessed light of Heaven.

The art of printing, by which copies of this book may be multiplied to an extent, is a moral lever—ininitely more important than that of Archimedes—which Providence has given the church for the purpose of raising the world.—The 4th of October, the day which completes three hundred years since the publication of the Holy Scriptures entire in our language, will come on the Sabbath. Should it not be a day of thanksgiving and prayer with all who read the English version of the Scriptures, for the universal distribution of this book of life among every people on earth?—*South. Rel. Tel.*

#### MISTAKEN JUDGMENTS.

We judge amiss of the religious character of those around us in many instances. The best and wisest of men may do so. Abraham twice misjudged most remarkably. In *Sodom*, he thought there were surely as many as "ten righteous;" but he was in error. Gen. xviii. 32. In *Gerar*, he thought "surely the fear of God is not in this place," but he was in error. Gen. xx. 11. Elijah thought he alone was left to serve God in Israel; yet there were seven thousand. From this we may learn to be cautious in our judgments respecting the religious state of particular places. The way of wisdom is to do the plain duty of the hour, without undertaking to judge of the condition of those around us.—*S. S. Jour.*

*Ten Thousand Dollars in Virginia for the Colonization Society?*—The Editor of the Virginia (Fredericksburg) Herald says—"We are glad to know that the Virginia State Colonization Society has resolved to co-operate with the Agent of the Patient Society, for the State of Virginia, in order to raise, if possible, ten thousand dollars in the State of Virginia. A handsome subscription has been commenced at Richmond, and among the largest donors, are the venerable Chief Justice of the United States, and Nicholas Mills, each of whom has put down his name for \$300.—*South. Rel. Int.*

#### BALLS, PARTIES, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—I attended a meeting of the West Lexington Presbytery, held in the Salem church on the 1st inst., and although not a member of Presbytery myself, felt much interest in several questions which were discussed in that body. Among other subjects which were brought up, was that of members of the church of Christ attending balls and dancing parties. This subject met with a free discussion from many of the more aged and experienced ministers present; and I was highly gratified at the decided and unqualified disapprobation with which the conduct of professed Christians attending these places of amusement was spoken of. Not only were balls and dancing parties declared to be opposed to a life of piety and devotion to God, but those large promiscuous assemblies, denominated *sitting parties*, were declared to be unprofitable, and in many cases sinful; and as such, were to be avoided by all who professed the self-denying doctrines of the cross of Christ.—*West. Luminary.*

Hatred is heart-murder; lust is heart adultery; and covetousness heart-stealing.

## Temperance Reform.

*Furnished by a Missionary for the Pastor's Journal.*

### THE HIDDEN JUG.

During the time of one of our revivals, a Mr. M. was found among the anxious. He was quite an aged man and for many years had been very intemperate. He now manifested great anxiety about his soul, and was much impressed with a sense of unpardoned guilt. After some time he obtained a hope in Christ, and wished to unite himself with the church. Although he now appeared deeply penitent, I, supposing that great caution was necessary in his case, was not willing to receive him into the communion at that time. I therefore advised him to remain as he was for some time, that we might see whether he would entirely abandon his former habits. He appeared for some time to do well, and was received into the Church; at which time I charged him very particularly never to taste ardent spirit in any way, and he promised that he would not, and he requested that if ever I heard of his tasting it, I would call him to account. I agreed to do so. Two years or more passed by. Mr. M. attended punctually the means of grace, and from his orderly and Christian deportment all were convinced that he was a reformed man.

About this time, and a few days after delivering a plain sermon in the church, I happened to meet with my old friend, Mr. M., in company. He took me aside, and with tears running down both his withered cheeks, began; Mr. B., when I joined the church, I hoped to live and die a member in peace, without disgracing myself or the church, but in that I was disappointed.

With some surprise I inquired, what is the matter? You know, Mr. B., what is the matter, but I wish you never had known. I then remarked that although I might know, yet I would be glad to hear him give a full statement of the case himself. Well, said he, you remember very well what you said about me in your sermon the other day in the church. What sermon? I inquired! You appear to be very ignorant about it now, but you knew every circumstance the other day. It was the sermon you preached from the text, "And they brought up an evil report of the land."

That whole sermon, he continued, I thought was severe, but when you came out and told about that bottle of whiskey that I hid, I felt as though I wished to sink into the earth. Here the old man wept bitterly for awhile, and then remarked; I acknowledge what you said is true. I did get a bottle of whiskey, and hid it in the woods, and thought if I could keep any person from finding it out, even any of my own family, and would drink very little of it at a time, no person knowing it, it would do no harm. But little did I think that it was to be made public, for I was certain that no one knew it, or could find it out. Now, said he, Mr. B., I have, perhaps, thought as much of you as ever I did of a man in my life, and your preaching has been of great benefit to me, but I cannot help thinking hard of you for exposing me in the way you did; or abusing me rather, for I could call that nothing but abuse. If you had come and talked to me privately, it would not have been so bad; but to be told of it before the whole congregation, was more than I knew how to bear. Well, but uncle M., said I, did I say that you hid the whiskey? You did not mention my name, he replied, but you might as well have done so. You said that some professors would do it, and try to keep it secret, and you meant me, and you know you did, and every body there knew it. I could not lift up my head at the time to look at any body, but I knew the eyes of the whole congregation were on me, and I would just as soon you had named me out; it could not have been any worse.

He then wished to know how I got the information respecting the hid whiskey, which he was so confident no one knew but myself. I replied that I was not willing to say any thing with regard to my information, or from whom I got it; but that professors of religion should never do any thing wrong with an expectation that it would not be known. But the truth was, I was ignorant as the dead with regard to the matter, until revealed by himself, for I had not suspected him of any thing of the kind.

The old man is now sober and respectable, and is, as I think, ripening fast for the kingdom.

### ADVICE TO WORKINGMEN.

*By a New-York Mechanic.*

I have heard some very respectable mechanics, who have considered themselves, and been called moderate drinkers, say that it would, upon an average, cost them \$2 per week, for ardent spirits; men who had large families. In 52 weeks, it would amount to \$104. Suppose we count from the time a person is 20 until he is 50, being thirty years, at \$104 per annum, making \$3,120, and the interest upon interest, being calculated, would make at least \$3,120 more, being in all \$6,240, showing clearly that by temperance, a person may, when 50 years of age, have that amount. That sum put at interest, at seven per cent., amounts to \$436,80 per annum, or they might buy an annuity for life, at the rate of 12 per cent., making \$748, 80 per annum. Now there is nothing easier than dropping off from the use of ardent spirits. If a man finds that he requires some stimulus, let him use hot lemonade and hot coffee.—But it is not only the good he derives, from being comfortable in his circumstances, his health is not only better, his character is better established, but he has an opportunity of improving in useful studies, during those hours which would be spent in a porter-house, in drinking and gambling, for the first generally brings with it the latter as a companion. Is it not astonishing that this has never been looked into? And will any of our Mechanics and workmen look at this, and not concur? It is impossible. Look further—it would be the means of preventing many persons from being frozen to death in winter, by intemperance—from so many fires—from so many persons being burnt to death—from so many suicides, and from many murders being committed. Our prisons would be nearly cleared, in time put down lottery gambling and all other kinds of gambling—break up pawn brokers—shut up alms houses—prevent fights and riots which so frequently occur during elections, as well as at other times; and would shut up, in the city of New York, 3000 grog-shops, being one to every eighth persons in the city, women and children included. Only consider—what do we want to open our eyes more than this? Shall we hesitate a moment? Shall we give up the sweets, and hold on the bitters of life? I think I hear you, one and all say, nay. We will by temperance, rise in the estimation of other countries, who would not like to be behind a younger nation and follow our example.—*Am. Temp. Intel.*

### HAMPSHIRE CO. MASS.

The distilleries here in 1828 were seventy-two—there are now but twelve remaining. During the last twelve months, 798 members have been added to the temperance societies in this county, and during the same peri-

of time, sixteen habitual drunkards have been reformed. It is known very well that the facilities for obtaining ardent spirits, within the last few years in this county, have been very much circumscribed, and that retailing in stores is almost entirely abandoned.

In 1827, there were *sixty-three* innholders in this county who sold ardent spirits. There are but *thirty-three* now remaining, a reduction of nearly fifty per cent. In the same year there were *eighty-three* retailers of ardent in Hampshire county. Now but *FOUR* remain! Do temperance men do justice to those who labor assiduously in the cause, when they say temperance is at a stand—is not advancing? Surely they do not.

Now in reference to our own town, how is it here? Why Northampton is on a pinnacle, almost in temperance matters. But two or three years since, retailing ardent spirits was permitted in a large number of stores. At the present time they are not retailing in one of them. The traffic here is almost wholly abandoned. Public sentiment is now strongly opposed to the use of alcoholic drinks, and comparatively speaking, they are not used at all. The tavern licenses are curtailed this year, and those who do sell ardent spirits, now exercise great care, both as to the time and to whom they sell the article. An intemperate man is scarcely seen, and habitual drunkenness is very limited. One hundred and fifty new members have been added to the temperance society in this town, in twelve months, and a great spirit of activity in behalf of sound temperance has manifested itself during the year. The first crops from the field of intemperance must of course be greater than when the materials are much exhausted, but there is neither wrath nor justice in the remark, that the cause of temperance here is *not* going ahead.

Northampton Courier.

#### The Worcester Spy says—

The Selectmen have had a meeting, at which they agreed by a majority of one, notwithstanding the vote of the town, to re-consider their former decision, so far as to give their approbation to five of the principal innholders in the village, to sell spirits; in consequence of which their houses were opened on Monday morning. They withheld their approbation from seven or eight houses in the town which were licensed last year, three of which were in the village.

The House on South street, heretofore kept by William Harrington, has been opened as a Temperance House by John R. Tilton; and Uriah Stone has opened another at New Worcester.

The towns of Holden, Leicester, Mendon, Millbury, North Brookfield, Rutland, Uxbridge, Upton, Westborough and West Boylston, have refused approbation for the selling of ardent spirits by either retailers or innholders; and Barre, Brookfield, Gardner, Hardwick, Milford, Northborough, Oakham, Petersham, Paxton, Princeton, Southborough, Spencer and Shrewsbury, have withheld their approbation of retailers of spirits. These towns are all in Worcester county.

#### STRONG BEER.

The more we turn our attention to this drink, the more convinced are we, that we made a great mistake in not directing public attention to it sooner. Our long silence on this subject, and our appeals to the public mind through the ten million of documents we have circulated, for the most part on the subject of ardent spirit, has had the influence to encourage and increase the consumption of strong beer to an immense extent—to such a degree, that it is our belief, that had another year or two passed on, this "BEASTLY DRINK," as it is so aptly termed by Dr. Franklin, would have so far corrupted the public appetite and morals, that temperance efforts would have left but little to show, but de-

feat and disgrace. Having by our silence, contributed to the use of this drink, we now shall do all in our power to awaken public attention to the truth, with the hope that all classes will abandon it, as entirely and totally unfit for man. We know that poisonous drugs are used in the manufacture of strong beer. We do not believe that they are used by all brewers—but when a man calls for a glass of this stupefying liquor, how is he to know whether it is poisoned or not? Fellow citizens, our owly safety is in pure cold water, that comes from nature's uncorrupted fountain; all can drink with safety and without charge; abandon then, all those vile concoctions, the use of which empties your purse, engenders disease, brings on premature decay and death.—What in the name of common sense, does a healthy man want of intoxicating drinks? Parents, would you be happy in your children, confine their drinks to cold water, and see that your practice corresponds with your precepts. How simple the remedy from all the evils of intemperance. Total abstinence is that blessed remedy.

Temp. Rec.

A gentleman called on us a few days since, and stated that he had once been a brewer—that he knew something of the business in England, and the information he gave us with regard to the use of certain nauseous substances put in the vats in England, for the beer to feed upon, are too disgusting to repeat; no one after hearing them, except the drunkard, could possibly drink English porter, ale, or beer.—ib.

### Obituary.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

#### DIED.

In this city, on the 28th ult. at the house of Capt. R. M. Clark, Richard Mansfield, infant son of the Rev. Oliver Hopson, of Naugatuck. On the 26th inst. Mrs. M. Mulford, relict of the late Mr. Barnabas Mulford, aged 90. Mrs. Abigail Gorham, wife of Mr. Miles Gorham, aged 80.

At Berlin, on the 19th ult. Rev. Samuel Goodrich, aged 74 years. He was a native of Durham, and a graduate of Yale College; during the Revolution he took part in some of the struggles in his native State. He was settled at Ridgefield for about twenty-five years, and afterwards nearly the same period at Berlin. He was extensively and familiarly known in all parts of Connecticut as a preacher, and was greatly esteemed for the simplicity and sincerity of his character.

At Cheshire, on the 21 ult., Mrs. M. C. Fetterman, wife of Lieut. George W. Fetterman, of the U. S. Army, and eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Judd, aged 26.

At East Haven, on the 18th ult., Col. Amos Bradley, aged 66.

At New York, on the 29th ult. of a short and distressing illness, Mr. Oliver Sage, recently of this city, aged 33.

At Plymouth, on the 10th ult. Charles Butler, Esq. aged 30 years, son of the Hon. Calvin Butler; also on the 12th, his only son, William W. Butler, aged 6 years, both with consumption.

At Greenbush, N. Y. at the house of John Vanderzee, Getty Vanderzee, aged 84, years, widow of Teunis Vanderzee.

At Hamilton, N. Y. Mr. Isaac Dodge, a student of Hamilton Seminary.

## Poetry.

*From the Journal of Commerce.*

A preacher traveling through the Southern States, was rowed across a ferry by a pious old negro who had labored hard through early manhood and middle age to purchase freedom for himself and his wife; and he mourned that old age and loss of strength would compel him to leave all his children in slavery. He laid his hand on his breast, and said, *Master has all my strength, and I have these old bones.*

His head was white and his eyes were dim,  
And his face was marked by wo;—  
The vigor of youth had passed from him,  
And labor had bent him low.

He gave the oars his remnant of strength  
As the shallop left the shore—  
And he told his tale of grief at length,  
Ere the stream was ferried o'er.

He looked on one with his eyes' dim ray,  
That he ne'er shall see again,  
Until the break of endless day,  
Far beyond a tyrant's reign.

"Master" he said, "you're a child of God,  
His seal is upon your face;  
Poor negro has felt his chastening rod,  
And gloried too in his grace.

"The sun that rose upon the master's morn  
Rejoiced o'er a free born-babe—  
But the light that broke when I was born,  
Looked down on a fetter'd slave.

"I grew apace to my bitter lot,  
Too soon felt my heavy chain—  
And often I cried, Oh why will not  
Earth take back her child again?

"I thought, perhaps, if I bent to toil,  
That Heaven might let me see  
A day in which I could tread the soil  
And breathe the air of the free.

"I toiled at morn and I toiled at eve,  
And I toiled in the mid-day sun,—  
I rested not when they gave me leave,  
And said that my work was done.

"I yielded not to summer's heat,  
Nor turned from the winter's frost,  
Nor sheltered myself from storms that beat—  
Lest a copper should be lost.

"I paid for myself, I have paid for my wife—  
But our sands have nearly run—  
And the freedom I've bought at the end of life  
Would have come with my setting sun."

He smote his breast with his eyes on high,  
In a voice of subdued tones  
Said—"Master has all my strength, and I  
Have nothing but these old bones.

"Time adds a weight to each month that roll,  
We soon shall rest in our graves;  
We trust in Christ to receive our souls—  
But we leave our children slaves.

## M. BRIDAINE.

Bridaine was one of the most celebrated of the French preachers. Marmontel relates that in his sermons he sometimes had recourse to the interesting method of parables, with a view the more forcibly to impress important truths on the minds of his hearers. Preaching on the sufferings of Jesus Christ, he expressed himself thus:—"A man accused of a crime of which he was innocent was condemned to death by the iniquity of his judges. He was led to punishment, but no gibbet was prepared, nor was there any executioner to perform the sentence. The people moved with compassion, hoped that this sufferer would escape death. But one man raised his voice, and said 'I am going to prepare a gibbet, and I will be the executioner.' You groan indignation! Well, my brethren, in each of you I behold this cruel man. Here are no Jews to day, to crucify Jesus Christ: but you dare to rise up and say, 'I will crucify him.'" Marmontel adds, that he heard these words pronounced by the preacher, though very young, with all the dignity of an apostle, and with the most powerful emotion; and that such was the effect that nothing was heard but the sobs of the auditory.

## JOHN WICKLIFFE.

The Father of the English Reformation, was born A. D. 1324, died A. D. 1384. The following citations from his works will prove the creed of his heart. "He that followeth Christ, being justified by his righteousness shall be saved by his offering." "Except a Christian be united to Christ by grace, he hath not Christ the Saviour." "If God will give me a teachable heart, a persevering constancy, and charity towards Christ, towards his church, and towards the members of the devil, who tear the Church of Christ, so that I may rebuke them out of pure charity, how glorious a cause shall I have to die for?"

## TEMPERANCE NOTICES.

The next meeting of the New Haven County Temperance Society, (Western District) will be held at Westville, (late Hotchkissstown,) on the 12th day of May next, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

J. L. TOMLINSON, Secretary.

DERBY, APRIL 29, 1835.

The Annual Meeting of the Connecticut Temperance Society will be held in Hartford on the 3d Wednesday, or 20th of May, inst. in the Lecture Room of the Centre Church, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The County, Town, and Parish Societies are requested to send delegates.

The reports from the County Societies which have not been sent in, must be forwarded without delay to the State Secretary.

S. H. RIDDEL.

Glastenbury, May 2d, 1835.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, delivered, \$2 50, in advance. To mail subscribers, \$2 in advance; \$2 50, if not paid in three months. Agents who are accountable for six or more copies, will be allowed one copy gratis, or a commission of ten per cent.

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